

WASHINGTON STAR

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Pers: Goodpaster, Andrew Johnson

Pers: William S. Beckman, Walter

In Defense of Military Men Who Miss the Headlines

By NORMAN S. PAUL

We Americans have always prided ourselves on the simplicity of our tastes. Our moral principles are clear and unequivocal. We are in favor of what is right and against what is wrong.

This direct approach is reflected in our taste for entertainment. Since the days of the first flicker

Norman S. Paul, the author of this protest on certain delineations of our military men, is Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower.

box, the days of Dustin Farnum and William S. Hart, we have cheered the cowboy in the white hat, the good guy, and booed the bad guy, who is inevitably frustrated, in the end, in his scurrilous designs against motherhood, the honest rancher, and chastity. To give the audience an occasional respite from the dreadful tension of the contest between good and evil, which frequently finds our hero in a number of messy situations, we have always provided comic relief, usually in the form of an affable dolt who appears just long enough to win our hearts but not long enough to gum up the plot.

Today we still love Westerns, but the basic plot has been translated into a number of up-to-date situations, and in some cases the plot itself has been obscured in the process. Hundreds of thousands of Americans are lining up to see two smash hit films, "Seven Days in May" and "Dr. Strangelove." Each deals, in its own way, with problems of the greatest national and international interest and importance. There the resemblance ceases, except for certain of the cast of characters—specifically the villains and the comic relief. In each film, they wear the uniform of the United States.

A central figure in the near tragedy of "Seven Days in May" is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, an Air Force general. Behind the facade of the rugged physique, the handsome face and the battle ribbons, we see a thoroughly immoral animal, a captive of an American style of fascism,



COMDR. JOE WILLIAMS
 Commands Robert E. Lee

and a traitor to his President and his country. A co-conspirator, in the uniform of an Admiral in the United States Navy, who didn't have the guts to follow through, sips wine in his official quarters, displays a paunchy and generally dissipated appearance, and lies to his President.

Villains in Uniform

In "Dr. Strangelove" we are treated to villains and comic relief, and other characters less simple to define—all in military uniforms. A Strategic Air Command base commander, obviously a general in the Air Force, goes mad and decides to start a war. The Air Force Chief of Staff, hearing a remarkable physical and vocal resemblance to one of our outstanding living military leaders, reluctantly abandons an assignation with what may be loosely described as his secretary, and proceeds to a meet-

ing called by his Commander-in-Chief in the war room. There, he provides the comic relief so essential to a plot which grinds its way inexorably to the end—of everything.

I don't object to these films. I have, of course, seen both. They are provocative, which is good, and of the highest technical quality. But what disturbs me deeply, however, is the apparent trend in current publications and motion pictures, of which these are but two manifestations, to make the military uniform of our country, and those who wear it, the boobs, buffoons and villains of the piece.

I am concerned with the human element in Defense. The largest part of my job is to recommend policies involving people in uniform—recruiting them, paying them, promoting them, assigning them, keeping up their morale, providing them medical care, educating them, retiring them, and so on through the entire range of human activity. As a civilian, I have had a unique opportunity to visit and discuss their problems with hundreds of our military people of all ranks and grades. We read often today of our Chiefs of Staff (although I wonder how many of us could name them all without a little priming) and of the young officers who are engaged in more spectacular pursuits, such as our astronauts.

Three Who Count

But we hear and read virtually nothing about the thousands of others whom we have to thank, today, for the opportunity to pursue our lives in a world at peace. Take, for example, Walter Beckham.

Col. Walter Beckham is the Chief Scientist of the Air Force Weapons Laboratory, a position of great responsibility and demanding the greatest scientific and technological proficiency. No egghead is Col. Beckham. He joined the Air Corps in 1941 as an aviation cadet, at that time with only a high school education. As a fighter pilot during World War II, he was a triple ace, with 18 air victories to his credit, when he was shot down and taken prisoner by the Germans in 1944. His decorations include the Dis-

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COL. WALTER BECKHAM
Weapons specialist

tinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star with one oak leaf cluster, the Distinguished Flying Cross with four clusters and the Air Medal with five clusters. While in prison camp, he got interested in physics when a fellow prisoner loaned him a college textbook. After the war, still in uniform, he pursued this interest and acquired a B.S. and a Masters degree in physics. In the 1950's, he committed himself to an Air Force course in science and technology, and started working on his Ph.D. thesis in physics. He received his degree in 1962, when assigned to the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. Very few scientists, civilian or military, are engaged in work more critical to our security than Walter Beckham.

Andrew Jackson Goodpaster was graduated from West Point in 1939 and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Corps of Engineers. He served in various

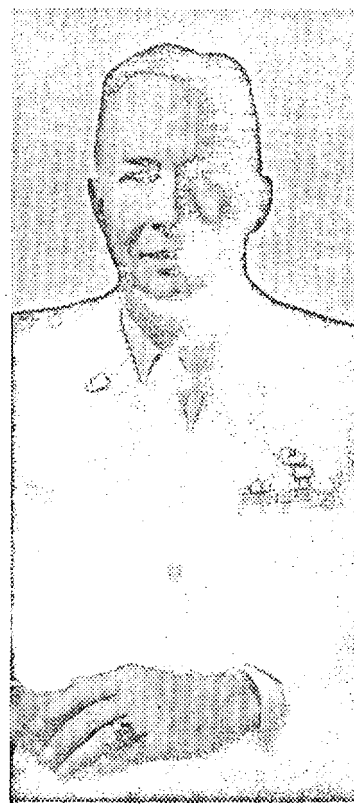
assignments in the Corps from that time through the war, commanded an Engineer Combat Battalion, and received the Distinguished Service Cross and other combat decorations, including the Purple Heart. After the war, his Army assignments led him into the planning area. Between 1947 and 1950, he received a Masters Degree in Engineering and a Ph.D. in International Relations. In 1950, then lieutenant colonel, Andy Goodpaster was assigned to the Staff of Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe, and there began a series of assignments under General Eisenhower. He was entrusted with a large number of highly sensitive assignments during that period, and was warmly complimented on many occasions by his chief. Further command assignments followed, then assignment to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and in January 1964 appointment as assistant to the chairman and promotion to lieutenant general. This is the type of man who today we find in the real war room.

We are all familiar with our Polaris submarines, the tremendously complex and expensive weapons system which constitutes such an important part of our strategic deterrent. The captain of such a submarine has an awesome responsibility. Each submarine carries sixteen missiles; together they represent more explosive power than all the bombs dropped by all the air forces of all the combatants of World War II.

A Navy Commander

Commander Joe Williams, USN, is familiar with that responsibility. He commands the Gold Crew of USS Robert E. Lee. For 60 days at a time he is solely responsible for the on-station readiness of this \$120-million ship, her \$20 million worth of missiles, and the safety and training of her 136 officers and men.

Comdr. Williams is 41 years old, married, and the father of two daughters and a son. He is no stranger to responsibility nor to the sea. In 1940, Joe Williams was a seaman on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. By 1944 he had advanced through the Navy enlistment ranks and became an officer.



LT. GEN. A. J. GOODPASTER
Was presidential aide

He has completed five semesters at the University of California and is now just 2½ terms away from his engineering degree.

The men I have described were not picked entirely at random, but I can assure you that there are many others like them.

All of us in the Defense Department, in or out of uniform, will readily admit that there is mediocrity in the military, as in other professions. I am a lawyer, and there is plenty of it in mine. But mediocrity of the few is overwhelmingly exceeded by the outstanding devotion, dedication and performance of the many. Who, in 1940, had heard the names of Eisenhower, Spaatz, Nimitz, Halsey, Bradley, Arnold? But they were there to meet the challenge of history, to the everlasting glory of their professional calling, and their country. Many of the largest corporations in America, which can hardly be described as eleemosynary institutions, have as

members of their boards or chief executive officers men who had completed a first brilliant career in uniform—Clay of Continental Can; Rawlings of General Mills; Bradley of Bulova, Burke of Texaco, to name a very few.

Despite his achievements, and the board base of our society from which he springs, the thought persists in the minds of too many people, be they detractors or flag wavers, that somehow the man in uniform is "different" from the rest of us. To some degree he is. His oath of office and enlistment contract deprive him of certain of the freedoms that other citizens enjoy. He is subject to absolute discipline. He lives and works in places and under conditions that are entirely beyond his control. He will never get rich in the service. He can't walk off the job if he doesn't like the boss' looks or the type of work he happens to be doing at the moment.

On the other hand, he is very much a part of the community in which he lives, no longer segregated within a military post. You will see him at PTA meetings, church suppers, the country club. He pays taxes. His son and yours are in the same Scout troop, on the same Little League ball team. Different? Yes, only in the degree of commitment he has made to national service.

In the nuclear age, the galloping obsolescence of military concepts and of the weapons we have long cherished as the indicia of armed might, present new challenges to the military profession. The man in uniform must participate in the competition of ideas and leadership which the nuclear age demands, or he will find himself as magnificently ineffectual, in determining the final result, as Davy Crockett at the Alamo.

The men I have mentioned, and their colleagues, recognize the challenge and are meeting it. Civilians come and go, but the continuing vitality of our defense depends ultimately on the man in uniform. It is a tough, demanding career he has chosen. Surely he deserves better of us than being portrayed, to the world, as the arch-type of the bad guy and the fool which, thank God, he isn't.

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AP 4-01-01 (young man in May)
to H. O. G. W. (Mr. H. O. G. W.)
from H. O. G. W. (Mr. H. O. G. W.)
for H. O. G. W. (Mr. H. O. G. W.)